

THE INNIS HERALD

OCT. 25, 2024

160¢



masterpiece made by innis orientation 2024 herald club fair table visitors



V60 2024–25
**The Innis Herald
Masthead**

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letter from the editor
Samantha “Sam” Guevara

dear readers,

The Innis Herald is so back.

welcome to V60! my name is Sam, and I am returning as the Editor-in-Chief of the paper once again for another term. since we last spoke in V59e4, a multitude of memories were made: I had a film photograph of mine exhibited inside Innis College, I travelled to Belize for the third time, I was the Orientation Coordinator for Innis College, I was Press accredited at TIFF2024, and above all, I witnessed Childish Gambino live in concert. throughout all of that, however, not a second went by when I did not miss working on this publication. some may call it stockholm syndrome, but I call it unwavering passion for the craft, or in other words, commitment to the bit.

enough about me! more about the paper: to the old and new community members alike, let me (re)introduce the *Herald*. this newspaper has been the student voice of Innis College at UofT and beyond since 1965, sharing outspokenly original stories that matter. there is a tasteful and triumphant year ahead of us, and this first edition is starting the term off right.

enjoy V60e1 — cheers to another journalistic voyage with more letters and articles alongside creative contributors, radiant readers, and a magnificent masthead (as well as 2am texts from me to our masthead group chat). it is a great pleasure to serve as your cult leader again. it is also with great pleasure that I announce, as always, hot people read the *Herald*, hotter people contribute to the *Herald*, and the hottest people run the *Herald*.

sincerely, sam

p.s. feel free to send rants, vents, requests for advice, freely given advice, fan mail, hate mail, or any other letter to the editor for a feature in the letter from the editor of the next edition



BREAKING NEWS!

We have a
podcast!



theinnisherld.com/podcast

The Innis Herald acknowledges this land on which both the University of Toronto and Innis College operate. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, it is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work in and on Tkaronto.

this just in, Charlie’s favourite vegetable: peas.

“Went to an art gallery looking all aesthetic and intellectual then proceeded to immediately walk into a black wall thinking it was a room”. Definitely not a personal story just something I heard

As seen in the masthead groupchat:
Yash 2:10PM - Ryan and I need to settle a bet, what colour is this?
Sam 2:11PM - salmon peach. Yash 2:11PM - Pretentious ass answer.
Pick a normal colour. Rick 2:12PM - #E07666. Yash 2:16PM - Pick something on royg biv/vibgyor.
Simba 2:28PM - Vivid tangerine after a cold cycle in the wash. Yash 2:28PM: Fucking hell.

MAT157 is a bird course. I recommend taking it as an elective!

“Geez, I better wake up and check if this really happened” - me before proceeding to wake from a dream to check if I met a repairman from Detroit on Innis College’s third floor

sometimes ChatGPT calls to me like it’s the Green Goblin’s mask

In the 70s, the
Innis Mosaic

was a way for the Herald community to share their thoughts or stories across the college and campus from confessions to updates, if not bar recommendations.

As of 2024, here is what we have to say...

please instruct everyone you know from New College Wetmore Hall to flush the toilets after each use. Please, please, please - Leon

Jamie, the 2024 Innis College Student Society President, on 09/26/2024 at 11:47 AM verbatim: “Only hot people work for the Herald.” That’s my president!

P.W., a tenured professor, was so frightened of socially interacting with a student that he hid in the doorway of a UC basement classroom until all students had already gone into his lecture

recording of the very first Innis Herald podcast episode of the year goes missing. Probably the ghastly Gargoyle’s doing

the Editor-in-Chief was cosplaying as Orientation Coordinator during the summer

- Sam, blink once if you’re being held hostage by the Office of Student Life



the pigeon chronicles

VOL. 7



Pigeon. so confusing

360 + 365



HOT PEOPLE WEAR INNIS MERCH

 innisclubs and merch

OFFICE HRS: 10 AM-2 PM, TUE-FRI, EVENTS RM



School Is Back, and So Is the Violence

Arjen Karaoglan
REVIEW

There is something ironic about going back to school in September and diving straight into school shooting movies at the Free Friday Films (FFF). Talk about setting the mood for the school year... For those of you who attended this month's FFF screenings—specifically *Elephant* (2003) and *The Dirties* (2013)—let's take a moment to break them down. These two films take on tragedies in dramatically different ways, but they both leave a lasting impression. School shootings are difficult and uncomfortable topics, but their portrayal in cinema has become an essential means of understanding and critiquing youth culture, violence, and social alienation in the modern age.

First off, why are we watching films about school shootings? I mean, we all know school shootings aren't meant to be fun, and yet, directors keep coming back to the topic. Here is the thing: school shootings have carved out a permanent scar in American culture. From Columbine to Parkland, the tragedies keep coming, and with each new incident, the media devours it. Movies, unsurprisingly, follow suit. But films like *Elephant* and *The Dirties* aren't just about violence. They're about the systems, behaviours, and dare I say, boredom that build up to those events. There's a constant question hanging over movies like these: Are they reflective of reality? Are they glamorizing these horrific acts, or are they trying to say something deeper?

Elephant (2003)

If you missed the *Elephant* FFF screening, let me sum it up for you. It was like watching the most chillingly ordinary school day unfold in real time, except you know something terrible is lurking just off-screen. Directed by Gus Van Sant, the film is almost hypnotic in how it builds up to the climactic school shooting. The camera follows students through long, meandering hallways in endless tracking shots, and there is a weirdly serene vibe to it all.

Inspired by the Columbine massacre, *Elephant* doesn't spoon-feed us motivations. We see the shooters as blank states—two teenage boys who play violent video games, watch Hitler documentaries, and just walk around like everyone else. There is no clear explanation, no dramatic monologue about why they do it. And honestly, that makes the whole thing feel scarier. Van Sant is kind of a genius in the way he uses distance here. By not giving us answers, *Elephant* leaves us frustrated—and that is the point! It is a meditation on violence, detachment, and the casual cruelty that can lurk beneath the surface of the most mundane environments.

The Dirties (2013)

Then we have *The Dirties*, which takes a totally different approach to the same terrifying subject. Directed by Matt Johnson (who was also present at the screening, and if you did not show up, you missed out), this 2013 indie flick blends found footage, dark comedy, and a meta storyline into one strange cocktail. Two high school film nerds, Matt and Owen, are making a movie for class about getting revenge on the bullies, a.k.a. the Dirties, who torment them. Their film? It's called *The Dirties*, too. As time passes, Matt starts thinking about taking the whole "revenge" thing off-screen and into real life.

What makes *The Dirties* unique is how it messes with our expectations. At first, it's funny. You better believe everyone in Innis Town Hall was cracking up. Matt's got this goofball energy that almost makes you forget that he is thinking about doing something horrific. The film is loaded with awkward humour and self-awareness (there's even a scene where the characters talk about *Elephant* and wear Alex's famous yellow shirt with the bull). But the further you get into it, the more uncomfortable it becomes. Matt's obsession with his film project blurs the lines between fantasy and reality, and what starts out as a goofy student film spirals into something much darker.

The Dirties is more focused on bullying than *Elephant* is. While *Elephant* lets the violence speak for itself, *The Dirties*

hammers home the idea that school shootings can be born out of unchecked trauma. Bullying and social alienation are at the heart of the film's critique, but it is also a jab at how easy it is for fiction and reality to merge—especially in a world saturated with violent media.

Arthouse vs. Indie Comedy

So, how do these two films stack up? On the surface, *Elephant* and *The Dirties* couldn't be more different. *Elephant* is slow, quiet, and makes you feel like a distant observer. It is almost arthouse in the way it captures these long, uneventful moments leading up to tragedy. *The Dirties*, on the other hand, is in-your-face, mixing humour and horror in a way that makes you feel like you are on this messed-up ride with the characters.

But at their core, both films are dealing with the same thing: isolation. In *Elephant*, the shooters feel detached from everyone around them. They are not fully part of the world they inhabit, and that's what makes the violence so jarring. In *The Dirties*, Matt's isolation comes from being an outcast. He is a victim of bullying, and his only outlet is his camera, which ends up feeding into his darker impulses.

What is also interesting is how both films handle violence. *Elephant* treats violence as sudden and shocking—it happens, and it's over. There's no glorification, no buildup. It is ugly and abrupt. *The Dirties*, though, slowly leads you towards it. It makes you laugh, makes you think things are going to be okay, and then it twists that knife just when you are not expecting it.

Some might argue that films like *Elephant* and *The Dirties* are exploitative, using real-life tragedies as entertainment. Others might say these films serve as a reflection of our broken systems—school, mental health, gun laws, and everything else. What makes both these films effective is that they don't really try to offer solutions. They are not trying to tell you, "here's how to fix school shootings." Instead, they are showing us the complex web of factors that can lead to something so terrible. In *Elephant*, it is about a breakdown in communication, a sense of detachment, and the random chaos of the day. In *The Dirties*, it's about how bullying and isolation can push someone to the edge. Whether or not you think these films should exist is up for debate. But one thing's for sure: they make you think, they make you uncomfortable, and they definitely spark conversation.

So what do we take away from *Elephant* and *The Dirties*? Besides the urge to avoid high school hallways for a while, these films give us two very different, but equally unsettling, perspectives on school shootings. *Elephant* reminds us of how ordinary a day can be, even when disaster is just around the corner. *The Dirties* shows us how quickly the line between fantasy and reality can blur, especially when trauma and isolation go unchecked. In the end, each film offers a distinct exploration of teenage angst, social isolation, and the desensitization to violence in schools. They don't give us easy answers or neat conclusions, but maybe, that is the point.



Matt Johnson and Owen Williams in *The Dirties* (2013)



Childhood, politics, and kindness in Abbas Kiarostami's *Where is the Friend's House?*

Isabel Hua

PERSONAL ESSAY

*On September 20th, I had the privilege to start off my year as a programmer for the Cinema Studies Student Union with a screening of Abbas Kiarostami's 1987 film *Where is the Friend's House?* at Free Friday Films (FFF). Below is an edited version of the pre-show speech I presented before the screening. I encourage you all to watch the film if you missed the event, as well as Kiarostami's short film *Two Solutions for One Problem*!*

(Free Friday Films run every Friday at 7 pm at Innis Town Hall. Follow @cinssu on Instagram to see what we're playing!)

Where is the Friend's House? (1987), the first of Abbas Kiarostami's Koker trilogy, features a young Iranian boy named Ahmad who accidentally takes home both his and his friend Mohammad Reza's notebooks after school. The story follows Ahmad as he journeys from his hometown of Koker to the neighbouring town of Poshteh in hopes of returning Mohammad Reza's notebook so that the latter may complete his homework and avoid being disciplined at school the next day.

If you have even a modicum of empathy towards children, this film is, first and foremost, incredibly frustrating. A contradictory "logic" seems to permeate every interaction Ahmad has with his elders: on the one hand, the weight of the world is placed on doing your homework, to the point where the boys' unempathetic teacher threatens Mohammad Reza with expulsion over it. (This threat is both explained and made

more significant by the film's implication of scarce educational opportunities in this rural area, as children from Poshteh must make a long trek to Koker every morning to attend school.) On the other hand, hardly any adult is willing to help Ahmad ensure that Mohammad Reza can complete what is, according to them, his most important responsibility. Instead, they insist that Ahmad should do his own homework first before "playing."

Adding to this frustration is the sense of disorientation we feel in Poshteh. Identical-looking houses and nameless strangers tower over Ahmad's literal zigzagging back and forth through forests and alleyways that possess only vaguely discernible spatial relationships with one another. Adults provide Ahmad with unfamiliar neighbourhood names and directions, and children use somewhat unhelpful markers like different coloured doors, donkeys, and clothes hanging out to dry to describe locations. Ultimately, the film replicates what it is like to try to orient yourself as a child. When I was younger, I did not know that my home was in the northeast corner of the neighbourhood, or that it was 1.2 km away from the nearest mall. I did know that my neighbour's golden retriever always barked at us through the fence, and the big, tall tree in my front yard swayed violently during thunderstorms and froze over in the winter.

*(Side note: this confusing representation of the world leads to some hilarious situations that help cut the film's rising tension and frustration. *Where is the Friend's House?* features some borderline cartoonish visual gags that both delight us and further remind us of the whimsy of childhood.)*

I think the power of this film lies in the fact that Kiarostami understands what it means to experience the world as a child—especially when this world is patriarchal, hierarchical, and undervalues the needs and opinions of children. Abbas Kiarostami, who began his film career in the 1970s working with the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, made many films starring child protagonists. Our FFF screening on the 20th began with one of Kiarostami's early educational shorts, *Two Solutions for One Problem*, which is a sort of thematic preamble to *Where is the Friend's House?* In this short, two boys, Dara and Nader, go about resolving a conflict about a ripped notebook in two ways: first, by exacting increasingly violent revenge against one another and ultimately gaining nothing; and second, by simply fixing the notebook and remaining friends. Interestingly, this short does not feature an adult authority telling Dara and Nader what the correct (i.e., moral, efficient, obedient) solution for their problem is. Rather, the message conveyed is that the boys ought to choose the second solution not to please a teacher or parent, but rather, for the sake of their own friendship.

Given his institutional backing in a post-revolutionary context, it's notable how Kiarostami offers a quiet, though visible resistance to the social and political order that makes his protagonist's journey so difficult. As Nico Baumbach (2016) argues, children are "both inside and outside the logic of society," which allows them to push the limitations imposed on them (277). Our identification with Ahmad leads to a frustration with the adults in his life, which in turn

allows us to question their authority and the patriarchal values they frequently espouse to justify dismissing his needs.

Later in his career, Kiarostami moved further into feature films and dealt more heavily with themes of blending fiction and reality. The next two films in the Koker trilogy are increasingly metatextual, with *And Life Goes On...* (1990) featuring actors playing Abbas Kiarostami and his son searching for the real actors from *Where is the Friend's House?* in the aftermath of the 1990 earthquake in northern Iran, and *Through the Olive Trees* (1994) presenting a fictional couple starring in the previous film. If you took CIN301 or are generally a fan of Iranian art house (I am both), you might also be familiar with Kiarostami's docu-fiction masterpiece *Close-Up* (1990), which re-enacts the story of a man who tricked a family into believing he was the real-life director Mohsen Makhmalbaf.

Although these later films primarily feature adult protagonists and appear far more complicated than his works in the Institute, the view of the world that Kiarostami offers remains distinctly childlike. In all of these films, the world is difficult, confusing, and sometimes painful to navigate, but it is also made easier to live in through the empathy of friends, family, and strangers. Thus, Ahmad's loyalty to Mohammad Reza ought truly to be admired. Despite the rules and expectations that separate us from one another in an attempt to predetermine our priorities, we must always remember to be kind and compassionate.



Le rayon vert (1986)



Mayumi Ramos

REVIEW / PERSONAL

It's the end of summer in a seaside town in the south of France. A man and woman sit side-by-side on a clifftop, looking out toward the vast expanse of water, watching the sun slowly sink into the horizon. The woman starts weeping inconsolably.

This is the final scene of Éric Rohmer's 1986 film, *Le rayon vert* (English: *The Green Ray*), and the woman is Delphine, a capricious young Parisian woman reeling from a recent breakup. After her friend pulls out of their holiday plans, she is left to spend her summer

by herself, restlessly flitting from one crowded and picturesque location to another, perpetually discontented, in a futile search of *something* — a place, a person, a connection, a feeling — to quell her loneliness.

Rohmer exquisitely captures the melancholia and ache of summertime sadness with acute poignancy and a relentlessly observational eye. There are no dramatics or explosive emotional outbursts (save for the final scene) — the film is diaristic, unhurriedly documenting Delphine's quotidian ennui and her in-between moments of disenchantment and quiet desperation. Since the film is named after the rare optical phenomenon, the colour green is fittingly

incorporated in every frame, which Delphine interprets as small symbols of hope in her journey of self-exploration, giving her world an almost spiritual quality.

I couldn't help but get frustrated with Delphine's aloofness and her obstinate refusal to put herself out there. She's simultaneously deeply cynical and hopelessly romantic. She cries too much. She craves intimacy and companionship, yet stubbornly rejects advances. And as I watched this film at the end of summer, having freshly experienced a breakup as well as a string of unfulfilling flings, I saw myself in her. That's the beauty of *Le rayon vert*: it expresses familiar sentiments that often go undis-

cussed in real life, whether it be out of shame that we are alone in feeling that dissonance with the world, fear that verbalizing it will drive us further into our isolation, or the belief that no one will understand.

But someone might. And, as demonstrated by the final scene, someone always does. By the end, you realize that, like many of us, Delphine simply yearns for true, genuine connection, and won't settle for the illusory kind that arises from trivial flirting and one-night stands. Legend has it that once you see a green ray, you can never go wrong in matters of the heart. Whether or not this applies to Delphine remains to be seen, but sometimes, that glimmer of hope is enough.



Samantha “Sam” Guevara
Editor-in-Chief & Film Columnist

From September 5th 2024 to September 15th 2024, the Toronto International Film Festival returned and made its mark for the 49th TIFF season. In other words, the city was taken over for yet another 11 days by Canadian and international cinema in combination with noteworthy film industry events and noteworthy film industry guests. This year, I had the privilege to be invited to attend with Press access as a participant of the Media Inclusion Initiative.

After the opportunity of viewing eleven premieres, I have returned with yet another one of my what-to-watch lists, themed around these limited screenings. Granted, there were 278 films on the slate this year which translates into my familiarity being only 3.95% of what there was to offer. Without further ado, a movie critic (*an avid Letterboxd user*) and film scholar (*undergraduate with a cinema minor*) presents the ninth issue of this column: **THREE TO SEE FROM TIFF2024.**

QUEER (2024)
Dir. Luca Guadagnino

“I’m not queer, I’m disembodied.”

Italian film director Luca Guadagnino has become a household film name from the critically acclaimed *Call Me by Your Name* to the recent successful summer blockbuster *Challengers*—and now he has reentered the scene after never truly having left with the captivating, steamy, and sensual cinematic experience that is *Queer*. The film, which adapts William S. Burroughs’s 1985 novella of the same name, follows Lee (Daniel Craig), a semi-autobiographical version of Burroughs himself. Craig’s mesmerising performance of Lee is one of an aimless man, drug addict, and American expat living in Mexico City during the 1940s, who comes face to face with a younger man named Allerton (Drew Starkey) and soon after becomes infatuated with the boy. Rooted in surrealism and sensitivity, *Queer* delves deep into depictions of pain and desire with longing eroticism and emotional complexity told through intensely striking visuals.

ALL WE IMAGINE AS LIGHT (2024)
Dir. Payal Kapadia

“I’m sending you kisses through the clouds!”

Filmmaker Payal Kapadia made history as the first from India to win Cannes’ Grand Prix, the second most prestigious prize at the festival, for the independent film *All We Imagine as Light*. The fiction feature debut tells a tale about two roommates who work together at a hospital in modern-day Mumbai: head nurse Prabha (Kani Kusruti) and new hire Anu (Divya Prabha). Alongside coworker cook Parvati (Chhaya Kadam), they all personify urban life and city loneliness. Kapadia puts on poetic display transformative-friendship and self-discovery by entangling women’s desires with India’s class and religion divides. In so doing, she captures metropolis migrants in a dreamlike yet naturalistic manner, resonating with all those who travel in an attempt to better their life yet struggle to find belonging. To witness this watch is to not only examine, but also celebrate, the light, the darkness, the heartache, and the hope in the lives of contemporary, working-class Mumbai residents and their everyday experiences from rent to rights.

MATT AND MARA (2024)
Dir. Kazik Radwanski

“Have you ever known two people that were such good friends that they are known for being friends?”

Canadian writer-director Kazik Radwanski presents *Matt and Mara*, a close-up conversation of a story that brings an authenticity of and specificity to Toronto. The film follows Mara (Deragh Campbell)—a young, seemingly struggling creative writing academic—who reunites with Matt (Matt Johnson)—a care-free, enthusiastic, notably successful author, who doubles as a college acquaintance from her past that reappears back into her life. United by their history and connected by their interests, the two grow closer, all the while their bond serves as an escape for Mara, away from her growing child and her strained marriage with a distracted emerging artist. In a seamless blend of loose silliness and heartfelt intensity, an uneasy tension within an undefined relationship comes to be, and with it, love and all its layers: the complex, the simple, the changing, and the stable.

Producer Barry Jenkins at The Fire Inside red carpet premiere taken on film



Actor Matt Johnson, Director Kazik Radwanski, and Actor Deragh Campbell at the Matt and Mara red carpet premiere taken on film.





Musical Alchemy: Bruce Dickinson Live in Istanbul



Burak Batu Tuncel REVIEW

Pilot. Fencer. Author. Beer taster. Vocalist of (arguably) the greatest heavy metal band of all time, Iron Maiden. Bruce Dickinson surely is a man of many talents. It's not every day you see a lead vocalist fly his band around the world with his plane as in the documentary *Iron Maiden: Flight 666*. Ever since Bruce joined the legendary British band in 1981 and recorded the vocals for their monumental album *The Number of the Beast*, heavy metal hasn't been the same. Hell, even Iron Maiden hasn't been the same.

Known as "the air raid siren" for his incredible range, particularly for his wailing high notes, Bruce remains as one of the most passionate and consistent performers in the world of heavy music. He started to sing by covering the Beatles' *Let It Be* with school friends, got into heavy music through *Black Sabbath* and *Deep Purple*, and learned how to scream by trying to emulate the latter's frontman—Ian Gillian. From cocky hard rock vocal delivery to impossibly clean vibrato high notes, few singers come close to his style.

When Bruce joined Maiden, they had already released two great albums with Paul Di'Anno, a vocalist with a very punk style. However, instead of contrasting with the music, Dickinson's operatic style added a theatrical dimension to the songs. In the album's closer *Hallowed Be Thy Name*, a tale about a man who knows he'll be hanged in a few hours, his doomed vocal delivery really brings the listener to the perspective of this man who's having his last thoughts on this earth.

The theatricality completely comes together at the live shows, of course. Iron

Maiden shows are known for their bombastic stage designs and appearances from the band's undead time-traveling mascot Eddie. Nevertheless, the show's driving force is always Bruce's incredible control of the audience. You will never hear an audience scream louder than when he goes, "Scream for me!" He is often found running around, doing certain shenanigans on the stage during the instrumental sections. His infectious energy is something that always motivates the fans.

I had seen him with Iron Maiden before in 2018 when they played in Bulgaria. I had the opportunity to see him again this summer when he came to Istanbul for his solo project, supporting his new record and comic: *The Mandrake Project*.

Bruce's solo project, which fully took off when he left Iron Maiden between 1993-1999, is very special. *Accident of Birth* and *The Chemical Wedding* became classic albums in an era where classic heavy metal had lost popularity. The incorporation of the old-school sound with a modern touch truly made these albums great, but what made them special were the lyrics.

In his songwriting, Dickinson comes off as a truly curious figure, digging to uncover the darker depths of the human soul. His non-trivial interest in the occult and the poetry of William Blake paints the lyricism of these songs. Sometimes the references are esoteric which really incites a genuine curiosity in understanding the philosophy lying in these texts.

The concert day was hot as hell but I wanted to go early to be in the front row. Unfortunately, there were already other people burning under the sun 4 hours before the doors opened. They were the Iron Maiden fan club from all

around the world like Florida, Indonesia, Russia, etc. From now on, every time I label myself a massive Iron Maiden fan, I'll always remember those who are even more dedicated than me.

After I got in the venue, drank overpriced beer, and listened to the opening band's ok set, excitement built up until sounds from an old British horror film filled the open air. Then entered The House Band of Hell—the newly recruited band including Whitesnake's brilliant bassist Tanya O'Callaghan, Italian keyboardist Mitheria, Dave Moreno who played drums on an older album, and guitarists Philip Naslund and Chris Declerq. Opening with *Accident of Birth*, Bruce entered the stage with a huge jump.

After a while, it became apparent that Bruce's solo show was something special on its own. The projection of early silent-era horror films in the background matched the macabre of the songs. So did the beloved frontman's introductions. In his classic stage banter, he comes off as a man of solid British humor. Even when talking about witch hunts and castration, he still manages to bring out a silly side of things. The band did justice to the compositions of the songs. It was a bit sad to not see the brilliant guitarist on the studio album, Roy Z, but nevertheless, the solos were played with the same impact. The band jam, "Frankenstein", was so cool. They brought out the bongos and the theremin!

I feel like we had the best setlist on the tour, filled with great diversity between the songs. The straight-up bangers were dominant but the melower tracks created a nice contrast. The first 3 songs were fast and heavy to properly hype up the atmosphere, only to then settle down in an intoxicating

adaptation of William Blake's poem "Jerusalem" where Dickinson stopped running around the stage, put his microphone stand to the ground, and sang to the audience's hearts.

At that point, I came to realize the sheer genius of his frontmanship. It reminds me of how The Doors used live shows to create a communal atmosphere in the audience. Jim Morrison was almost like a shaman when he was performing, intoxicated by the music but also in total control of the audience. Bruce Dickinson, on the other hand, is as in power as Morrison was but his intentions seem to be different. He's always having more fun than the audience in the concerts. It's like a playground for him—controlling the masses through the music. Like the alchemists he's so fascinated by, he's also transforming energy. He takes the music and lyricism and turns it into a form of communication with the audience. Every clap, "hey hey hey," or scream he gets from the audience is the gold he converts at the end of his experiment.

He seemed surprised at one point of the show when the audience started to sing "Tears of the Dragon" before he even started. His genuine surprise put a smile on his face. "Shall we start?" he said, knowingly smirking that his magic had already reached the audience.

This was a monumental show for me, and everyone in the audience. The magic of Bruce Dickinson is that, no matter where in the crowd you are, he gets you. He performs for you. His performance is always fascinating and he himself has fun in his shows. For a life filled with achievements, it's still great to see Bruce still enjoys doing these shows and connecting with people. Catch him if you can with Iron Maiden this month in Toronto!

Harold Who?

The decline of Harold Innis' economics

Anonymous
HISTORY

Born near Otterville, Ontario, Innis was one of Canada's great scholars. He joined the faculty of the University of Toronto in 1920 and became head of the Department of Political Economy in 1937. Deeply interested in the economic development of this country, he pursued his concerns through extensive field trips and research. In his published works, including *The Fur Trade in Canada*, *The Cod Fisheries*, and *Empire and Communications*, he left a wealth of information and theory that has significantly influenced the study of economics, history, geography, politics, and communications in Canada and beyond.

Or so reads the plaque outside of the Innis College building. But is it really true? A Ctrl+F through "The Worldly Philosophers", a book about the pre-WW2 history of economic thought, yielded no results. Neither did surveying 60 or so faculty. The only professor who filled out my form was an economist who worked on applied game theory. I also got an email response from a historian (who didn't specialize in Canadian history).

Neither were particularly enthusiastic about him. Although the economist knew who Innis was, they did not know of Innis' main contributions, had never cited Innis, and estimated that only around a tenth of their colleagues had heard of Innis. The historian recommended that I talk to researchers in media and cultural studies instead of modern historians, as that was where Innis was most influential except "perhaps, a small group" of historians studying Canada.

So why isn't Innis well-known anymore? To start, most economists aren't interested in Canada's economic history. Two culturally similar countries, Britain and the US, have the two most important economic histories in the world. One started the industrial revolution, and the other is the world's commercial superpower. Nearby, Latin America's heterogeneous growth can provide arguments for almost anyone, from Marxists to anarcho-capitalists. Further away, the Asian Tigers and China attract researchers interested in development.

Innis' narrow focus further reduced his appeal to non-Canadian scholars. A nationalist, he focused on the regional specifics of his theory instead of its international applicability, even though it preceded later and much more impactful arguments. This extended to his politics; Innis distrusted foreign solutions to Canadian problems.

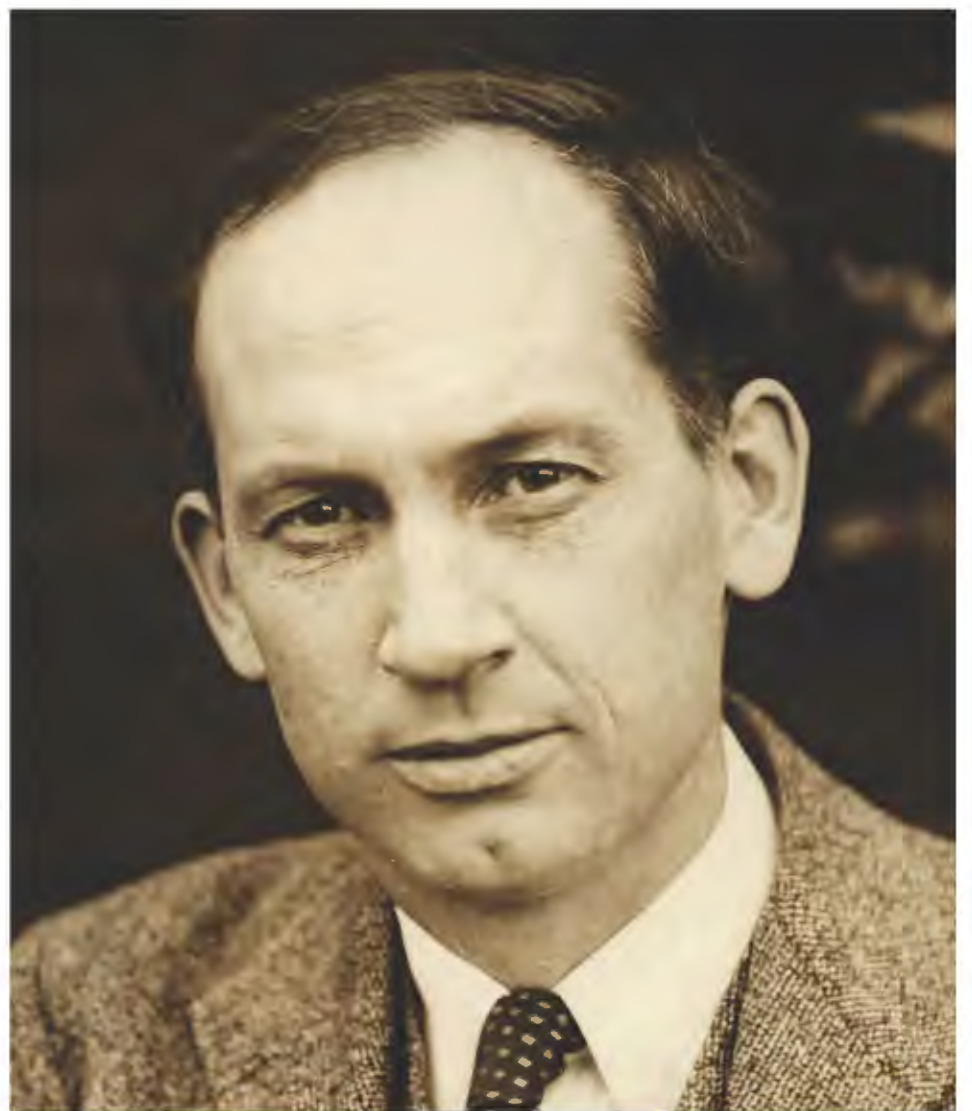
His main economic contribution, the Staple Thesis, was about the interplay between imperial control, resources, society, and economic development in Canada. Canadian Encyclopedia writes, "[t]he [Staple] thesis may be the most important single contribution to scholarship by Canadian social scientists and historians." That relationship holds back many developing countries, as many of the most resource-rich countries have terrible development paths that condemn much of their populations to poverty. However, mentions of Innis and his Staple Thesis are absent from the Wikipedia article on the Resource Curse. A 2003 paper on the development of Dependency Theory also does not mention Innis.

Besides Innis' narrow focus, two things are responsible for his obscurity. First, his ideas were in conflict with two trends in modern mainstream economics: an emphasis on specific hypotheses over general narratives, and the use of mathematical models and statistics to estimate effects. Second, his work wasn't taken up by heterodox schools of thought.

Modern mainstream economics generally focuses on finding the effects of specific events and policies or predicting the behavior of economic actors, instead of analyzing broad aspects of society. Although John K. Galbraith and Milton Friedman had very different opinions on economic history (and very different political opinions), their famous books on the Great Depression espoused viewpoints tightly connected to their policy recommendations. By contrast, Innis' view of Canadian history is often descriptivist and generally treats the past as a single history, rather than a list of separate events with different costs and benefits.

The downward trend of mainstream economics seems almost inevitable in hindsight. For better or worse, the average person does not care about the details of history or the fundamental structure of the political economy. They simply want a "good economy" with high spending power, low unemployment, and policies to deal with perceived market failures. In a profession tightly connected with policymaking from its earliest days, such preferences will seep through as they influence both the composition of economists and the demand for research.

Additionally, modern economics has become more mathematical. Many papers in the top 5 journals like the American Economic Review use math and statistics to infer the costs and benefits of policies. Others describe math-



H. A. Innis, 1920s

Photo public domain

ematical models of either economic actors or the economy itself. This yields an approach completely different from that of the founders of political economy. Instead of trying to develop theories of broad aspects of society, economists now statistically test narrow hypotheses around specific causes and effects. It also allows economists to do research without knowing any historical context. Once, while replying to an email about free speech, a senior professor of Economics at UCL included this: "I would be pleased to continue this discussion in person... note that I am an economist and modeller and I have no idea who J.S. Mill is." Reflecting this change, U of T's Department of Political Economy was split into the Department of Economics and Department of Political Science in 1982, or 45 years after Innis left.

Innis can be contrasted with David Card, who will probably be the most impactful Canadian economist to ever live. Card was a key figure in the "empirical revolution" that made economic analysis a lot more reliable than before. His analysis of mass immigration and minimum wage increases shook conventional economic wisdom (he found that neither had a short-term effect on unemployment in the two cases he studied). The techniques he used are commonly found in economics papers to this day. David Card's style probably would have annoyed Innis, who disliked the rise of statistical economics and believed its

results were ephemeral time-wise, as society would change.

Even so, some heterodox economists have different approaches to economics. Yet despite having similar ideas, Innis' theses were not incorporated into any major heterodox schools of thought. Innis was considered to be a political conservative who was skeptical of government, while heterodox economists are often left-wing interventionists; Innis once called members of an NDP predecessor organization "hot gospellers" and attacked them in print. Innis' dislike of Keynesian economics did earn him an invitation from the University of Chicago however. Although Innis' ideas often proved to be significant, they didn't spread and were often reinvented separately.

Since the times of Innis, the landscape of economic thought has changed. Innis' studies, with a focus on local over universal ideas, descriptions of the past over causal analysis of today, and verbal over mathematical reasoning, don't align with the priorities of mainstream economics today. Although heterodox schools of thought adopted ideas similar to the ones proposed by Innis, it was not through any direct influence. Even as the internet has made it easier than ever to read Innis' ideas across space, demand for them seems to have permanently receded. Times have changed, and with it the tastes of the economic profession.



The joys of touching grass (and lying in it too)

Yash Kumar Singhal

PERSONAL ESSAY

For 20 years of my life, I moved from one massive, crowded, noisy city to the next, whether it was back home in India or here in Toronto. During that time, I got to go camping exactly once, for a single week-long field trip back in highschool. Apart from that, I had never spent more than a couple days in a row in any sort of suburbia, let alone “wilderness.” Nor did I particularly want to. I liked being comfortable in my bed, warm under a blanket in my overly air-conditioned room away from the dirt and the bugs and the sun. It was nice. It was safe.

The problem was that I am a plant biologist, or at least I am studying to become one. And the plants I’m supposed to be studying, well, they like to grow outside. So I realised sometime during my third year that I would have to learn to be comfortable in the outdoors. In a moment of reckless bravado I dared myself to apply for a job that would have me move from downtown Toronto to (by my incredibly low standards) the middle of nowhere. The universe took this dare seriously. I got the job, and thus made my way to my forest home for the next three months: the Koffler Scientific Reserve (KSR).

Sure, KSR was but a 15-minute car ride away from the nearest Walmart and sure I was living in a pretty little cottage but for me this was still the furthest from civilization I had ever lived. On weekends, I was all alone on the property, lying awake in the jarring silence. I missed the sounds of cars and police sirens, and people. Everytime I stepped outside the house, even for just a minute, I sprayed myself with a bottle of insect repellent, deathly scared of the tiny ticks that I was told prowled in the grass. I would run back from the lab hours before the expected sundown terrified of being outside in the dark. I

wasn’t entirely sure what I was afraid of but I was always somewhat anxious and uncomfortable.

Add on the fact that I went from an intense schedule filled with 6 courses, a job, and various extracurriculars to having just 5-6 hours of work a day, I did not know what to do with myself and all the extra time I suddenly had. That sounds like a gift of a problem to have but the lack of mental stimulation is a genuine distress when you’re living in the middle of the woods with a shoddy internet connection and nothing but a family of raccoons for company.

Come July I was tired. I was done with the woods. I had tried it out and I had not enjoyed it. One particular Thursday had been incredibly exhausting. I had stepped in a puddle and my socks were wet, I had scratches from thistle spines all over my hands, and because I decided to go meet some of my fellow researchers at their cabin, I was out of my house after sunset. I almost considered not walking back to my cabin but I was hungry, sleepy, and thankfully not alone. So my cabin-mate and I decided to brave the night together.

Every tree branch looked like a hand reaching out from the dark to grab us. With every step, I felt something unseen moving beneath me. In the dark green grass lining our sad excuse for a path were flashes of bright yellow light. Believing this was the glint off the eyes of some animal preparing to pounce, I pointed my torch in its direction. However, instead of scaring the creature away, the light only seemed to have given it a brighter target. The pair of eyes started

to come closer, closer, and closer, moving faster and faster towards us until...

They were fireflies.

I had never seen fireflies before. Of course I had read about them, studied their behaviour and biochemistry in various ecology courses, but I had never seen one actually fly around and glow. My friend was able to catch one and gently placed it on my hand. It was magical; this little flying bug was in my hand, alive, glowing.

It sounds so incredibly cliché but that encounter with the firefly completely changed my outlook on nature. Slowly but surely I made peace with the outdoors. While the dark was still kind of a scary place, lighting campfires and eating s’mores made it worth enduring. While the thorns in the bushes were still very sharp, I didn’t mind their pricks when I was picking fresh blackberries. I stopped thinking about the bugs for a second and sat against a tree to spend a sunny day reading. I took a closer look at the plants around me and started to observe the lessons from my ecology lectures unfolding before me. One night in late August I even ventured into the dark way past midnight to see the Perseid meteor shower.

Come end of August I had fashioned myself a staff, grown out a beard, and was fully leaning into the forest hermit aesthetic. I started my own plant-themed Insta-

gram (@the_green_log, shameless plug) and even learned to harvest sumac and bake my own bread. I started calling up my city friends for little day trips and gave them tours of all the trails I had travelled.

The whole experience taught me the value of slowing down. Slowing down doesn’t necessarily mean doing less but rather just taking the time to savour everything that you do. When you’re working on an essay, pour your entire mind into that essay, but when you sit down with a cup of coffee, the coffee should be all you think about. You shouldn’t have to take on 14 different activities to feel productive and engaged. It’s a lot more fun, a lot more natural to be overwhelmed not with to-do lists but with the ridiculous diversity of life around you. This “profound realisation” of mine might seem incredibly obvious to some but it was entirely new for me. I realised that the grandmas had got it right. Waking up, cooking, reading, gardening, walking, and merely sitting and observing is a lot more fun than it looks. There is real value to touching grass, lying in it, and doing absolutely nothing else.

So, go lie down in the middle of Queen’s Park. Go sit against a tree in Philosopher’s Walk. Jump into a lake, get your hands muddy, pick up that cute little snail. The urge to quit everything and go live in the forest is human and hungry. Feed it. I dare you.



My New York Trip Was a Religious Experience

Kyle Newcombe

PERSONAL ESSAY

This past April I was fortunate enough to have my last exam on the 19th, well in advance of my summer job beginning the first week of May. Upon receiving the exam schedule I immediately started scrambling: not to begin studying because of my extremely compressed exam schedule, but rather to begin planning and booking a trip to New York City during my extra time off.

It's almost hard for me to describe how in love I was and still am with NYC, despite having never visited before this year. I revered the place; a plethora of media is set there, and I've been an avid consumer of much NYC-focused content from Casey Neistat's vlogs to John Mulaney and Nick Kroll's *Oh Hello* Broadway show (which I watched on Netflix). That, plus my everyday fascination with all things public transit and urbanism, led me to already have immense knowledge of the city and everything I wanted to see and do there.

Fortunately, I already had buy-in from another family member, so we set out to book flights and accommodation. We flew Porter from Billy Bishop to Newark; Newark Airport is very easy to travel to and is more transit accessible than NYC's own two airports. We took New Jersey Transit into Penn Station and connected on the subway to our hotel on the upper west side.

Having flown in mid-day, we had plenty of time to begin sightseeing. To give you a sense of just how seriously I was taking this trip, here is a full list of everything we did within our first eight hours: we had lunch at Zabars, a famous NYC deli and grocery emporium; we walked through Central Park; we went through all of the exhibits at the Museum of the City of New York; we visited Times Square and went shopping in multiple stores; we walked by and explored around both Radio City Music Hall and Rockefeller Center; and we got on the wrong subway train and ended up in Harlem by accident (oops!). We were taking NYC by storm, and certainly not in a manner that can be referred to in any way as leisurely.

Most days on our trip involved some combination of trying a couple new restaurants, exploring some neighborhoods, some light sightseeing at key attractions, and a pre-booked experience of some kind. Some examples of these from different days on our trip: eating lunch at Cosmic Diner on 8th Ave, walking around and exploring Hell's Kitchen, going to see the Wall Street Bull and New York Stock Exchange, and seeing *Wicked* at the Gershwin Theatre. Alongside the attractions, there



The Lower Manhattan skyline, as seen from Brooklyn Bridge Park.

Photo by author

was rather copious amounts of walking and public transit use. I averaged over 20,000 steps per day for six days, and I'm 6'4". We were covering an absolutely enormous amount of ground, just as I had hoped.

Since this was my first ever visit to NYC, we did hit a lot of the typical tourist spots and attractions. I've already mentioned a few of them but we also definitely went to a Yankees game, took the Staten Island Ferry, walked over the Brooklyn Bridge, booked a food tour of Chinatown and Little Italy, and attended two Broadway shows (the second one was *Aladdin*, in case you were curious). But aside from hitting the classics, I did have a rather esoteric list of lesser known attractions I wanted to get around to. I'm not going to miss the 9/11 memorial for sure, but I'm also going to get around to some smaller museums. Yes, I'm going to walk down the street in Dumbo that they pedestrianized because too many people were blocking traffic while posing for Instagram, but I'm also going to venture deeper into Brooklyn to see Prospect Heights and Grand Army Plaza.

With that in mind, I'll spend some time giving recommendations for things to see in New York that are still well known, but a little bit off the path of the typical first time tourist. I'll begin with parks, a rather *central* part of the New York experience (see what I did there?). Everyone knows Central Park, of course, and I still recommend going. It's likely close to other attractions on your itinerary, and it somehow remains underrated. It's absolutely massive and has extremely varied landscapes throughout, with many museums around the perimeter.

Perhaps fewer people have heard of or been to Roosevelt Island and Prospect Park. These were two of the most memorable attractions for me in New York, and I wholeheartedly recommend them to anyone who visits NYC. Roosevelt Island sits in the East River parallel to the southern portion of Central Park. It's quite accessible; you can get there via the

Roosevelt Island aerial tram from Manhattan, by ferry or road from Queens, or by the F train. The tram is rather touristy, but it's a steal; it accepts the Metro-card, which you likely already purchased for the subway. Roosevelt Island is not entirely parkland, as it includes residential buildings, retail spaces, and even a Cornell satellite campus. However, at the north and south ends of the island sit Lighthouse Park and Southpoint Park, respectively. Both have great walking paths, absolutely stunning views of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens, and plenty of space to actually relax amid your hectic NYC visit. Prospect Park, on the other hand, is located in the center of Brooklyn just south of Prospect Heights. It differs from Central Park in the following key attribute: while Central Park is huge, you never forget that you're right in the middle of Manhattan. In Prospect Park, meanwhile, you can forget you're in a city at all. Vast swaths of green space and numerous trails lend themselves to leisurely walks, a slower pace, and just being contemplative.

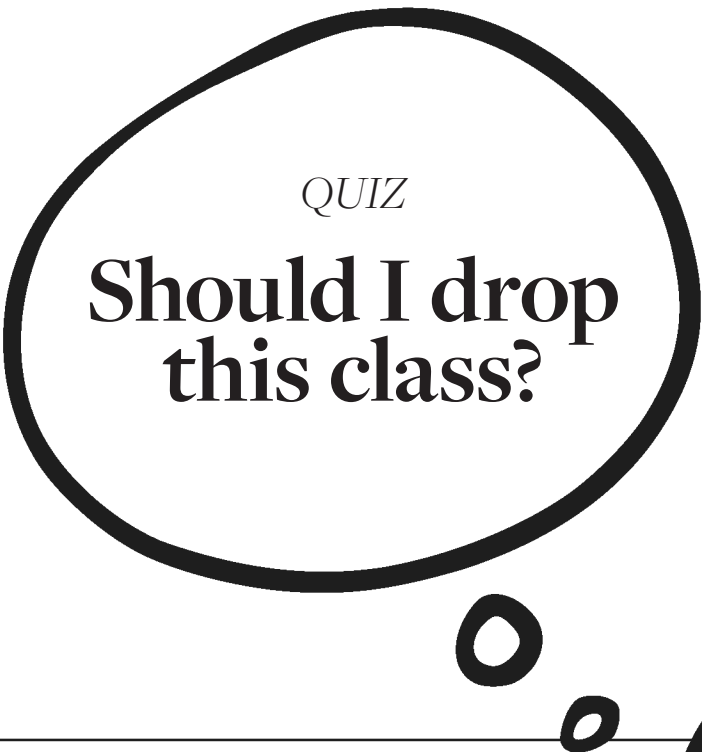
What I'm going to say next might shock you: during my time in New York, I took time to visit New Jersey (gasp!). While I can already feel the disapproving looks being shot my way, I do recommend visiting Hoboken while you're in the New York area. You can easily get to and from using the PATH train or a ferry, and it's quite something to behold. It's a small, dense suburb, with very active streets and a waterfront boardwalk with incredible views of Manhattan. And for those baseball nerds out there, it's also home to a plaque commemorating the site where the first organized game in the United States is believed to have been played in 1846.

For the last of my recommendations, I have a list of quick hitters and a general piece of advice regarding restaurants. For the list, I have a collection of small attractions that I enjoyed visiting that don't take much time out of your day. This includes Little Island, an artificial park situated on the Hudson River

just west of Chelsea Market; Brooklyn Bridge Park, where the header photo of this article was taken; the High Line, an elevated walking path along a disused freight railway; the Stonewall Inn, a key location during the LGBTQ rights movement; Madison Square Park, across from the Flatiron Building; Fulton Mall, a transit-only shopping street in Brooklyn; the NYU campus; Jefferson Market Garden; and the New York Transit Museum. A bonus for my Brooklyn Nine-Nine fans out there: the building used for all of the exterior shots in the show is the NYPD 78th Precinct, located just off Flatbush on 6th Ave in Brooklyn. Stop by and grab a photo!

Now, some general advice regarding restaurants: don't only go to the well-known spots on social media. Sure, visit Pastrami Queen, Russ and Daughters, or Katz's for classic New Yorker deli fare, but consider other options. Rather than go to the same pizza joints as everyone else, find where you'll end up during or after your day's planned activities and just search for "pizza" in the area. Chances are you'll find a less busy, less well-known, but probably still really good restaurant to try. I employed this technique to great success during my trip, and I encourage you to do the same.

My trip to NYC this year was, in every sense of the word, a religious experience for me. As someone who thrives in a busy city environment, loves exploring on foot, and is really into urbanism, it really was an ideal trip for me after a busy semester. Whether that describes you or not, NYC does truly have something for everyone and can be conducive to however you want to go about your visit. Having visited four boroughs, explored over 20 neighbourhoods, eaten at 17 restaurants, taken two guided tours, visited three museums, seen two Broadway shows, used 15 different train lines and two ferry services, logged over 120,000 steps, and taken hundreds of photos, I have but one thing to say: New York, I shall return.



QUIZ

Should I drop this class?

“Should I drop this class?”

Ever found yourself weighing the pros and cons of dropping a class, trying to figure out if the pain of the course is worth replacing it with another one? Or maybe you’re in the middle of a semester, trying to find out if you can make it out of this one, or call it quits... Well, fear not, because this quiz is made for you! Answer 9 questions, and you can find out for sure if you should drop this course!

You’ll figure your fate out by answering multiple-choice questions with choices from (A), (B), (C), and (D). Be sure to count whichever letter you receive most, and check your answer based on the corresponding response!

by Meixuan Fan

#1. Upon reading the syllabus, what is your immediate reaction?

- (A) Wow, this is so exciting!
- (B) Easy-to-read calendar... Assignments all listed... Pretty straightforward.
- (C) This isn’t weighed super fairly... But I suppose it’s doable.
- (D) Hold on, why is this thing 30 pages long? And why are we using four different websites to learn material, review modules, and submit work? And why do we have a single assignment, a midterm, and then the final?

#2. How far is it from your previous classes?

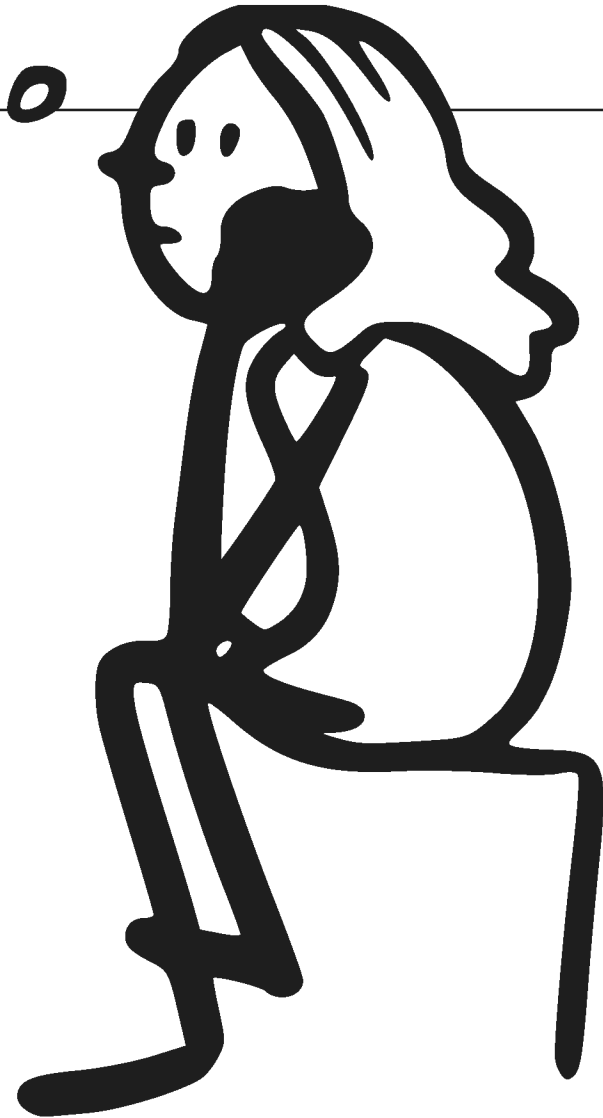
- (A) A doable walk. With UofT time and an hour in-between, I have enough time to stop for a pick-me-up and a coffee!
- (B) If I jog a little, I’m sure to make it... Besides, the professor won’t mind... right?
- (C) Didn’t check the location when I picked the class. DEFINITELY regret it now.
- (D) Not making it. Might as well give up and skip. I mean, the slides are all posted...

#3. Is this a required class?

- (A) Fortunately, no!
- (B) Fortunately, yes!
- (C) Unfortunately, no.
- (D) Unfortunately, yes.

#4. Which of these options best summarize your feelings towards the course content in three words?

- (A) Delighted, engaged, passionate.
- (B) Calm, peaceful, productive.
- (C) Anxious, dreadful, tired.
- (D) Falling asleep. Constantly.



#5. What are you thinking about and doing when attending this class?

- (A) The course content, the current material being covered, taking notes... I mean, what else?
- (B) Being productive by doing other homework when I zone out. When I zone back in though, I’m always ready to go!
- (C) Zoning out occasionally thinking about what I’m going to eat for my next meal... But then snapping back into it.
- (D) Gone. By that, I mean asleep, or not attending. Or just staring blankly at my empty notes in front of me. (No judgment. We’ve all been there!)

#6. What best summarizes your feelings about the class atmosphere and the professor?

- (A) Super engaging! I’m surrounded by great people and I love the way the class is taught.
- (B) Sometimes it can be a bit boring, but the material itself can be enough to engage me.
- (C) Not super fun. Either it’s the course material or the lack of engagement from the professor.
- (D) Again: see above.

#7. How do you feel doing the assignments for this class?

- (A) Always a breeze. Whether it’s the difficulty or the enjoyment I derive from it, it’s never a bore.
- (B) Having a full to-do list can be frustrating, but I’m willing to put in what effort I can to succeed in this class.
- (C) A struggle. I hate doing them.
- (D) What assignments?

#8. What are your friends like in this class?

- (A) Great! I have an established friend group that studies together and texts a bunch. We always sit together!
- (B) Content with my lonesome self. Sometimes I’ll chat with the same one or two people.
- (C) Friends? What friends?
- (D) Nonexistent. (It’s okay, I’ll be your friend.)

#9. Last but certainly not least: do YOU think you should drop this course?

- (A) Never in a million years!
- (B) Thought about it, but I probably won’t.
- (C) I’m considering it now. (Thanks to my stellar quiz, I hope!)
- (D) Absolutely. (Virtual fist bump!)

Responses

Mostly ‘A’s: This is YOUR sign from the universe NOT to drop the class! Clearly you’re enjoying it, or at least somewhat finding it pleasant. Not sure why you’re taking a quiz if you should drop or not, but if you were even remotely considering it, this is an affirmation from the universe not to! Good luck!

Mostly ‘B’s: Hmm... You can definitely tough it out. Doesn’t seem too rough, and it seems like you’re enjoying it for the most part. I believe in you! You can do it! Treat yourself to a nice coffee or snack the day of your class, and you got this!

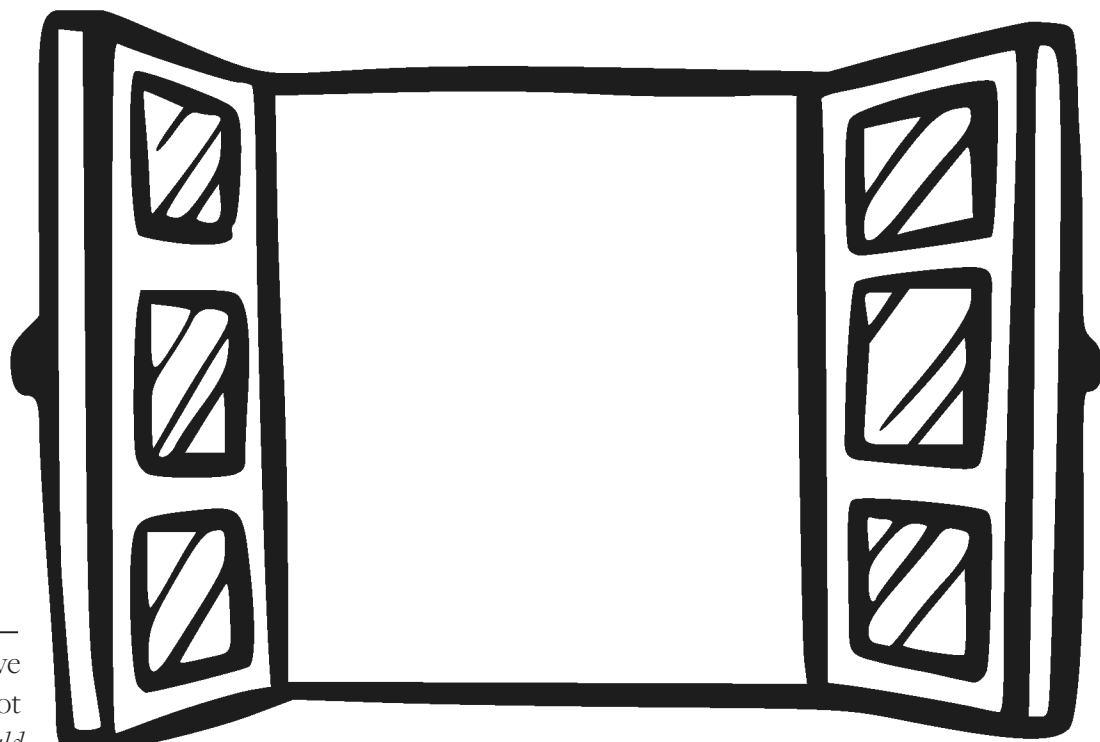
Mostly ‘C’s: Definitely consider dropping your class... Seems like a real drag. I mean, if it’s not required, why are you in it? There are other classes you can definitely take that’ll probably appeal to you more! Or even just having a break (if your schedule allows) is always nice. Best of luck to you and your endeavors!

Mostly ‘D’s: What are you still doing here? Go drop that class already. Make it official on Acorn. Seems like it’s causing you more trouble than it’s worth! Unless it’s required. Then... best not to cite a newspaper quiz as your reason why... In any case, wasn’t me!

The Power of a Window Left Open

Shawn He

PERSONAL ESSAY



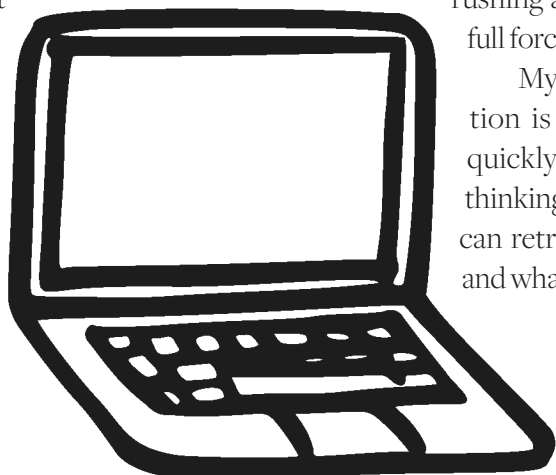
How do you prepare for a plane flight the next morning? Experts suggest getting good sleep the night before, checking for flight delays and cancellations, and arriving at the airport a few hours before your flight. Oh, and don't forget about your passport and other travel documents.

What experts definitively *do not* suggest is breaking into a building to get the laptop you left in there a few hours before the flight.

Especially if you're in a foreign country. And slightly hungover.

If you told me I would misplace or lose some valuable items during my summer exchange program in Shanghai, China, I would probably believe you since I lose and misplace things quite easily—from umbrellas, to keys, to phones. But leaving my *laptop* in a classroom? Even I would gawk in disbelief at that. But that's what happened when, during my last-minute packing, I realized my laptop wasn't in my dorm room.

Initially, I refuse to acknowledge that it is missing. It does not process in my mind that the laptop was not present in the room I was in. I search everywhere inside: under the bed, in the closet, in the bathroom. I open and reopen cabinets in a desperate attempt to find it shoved somewhere in my room. After about ten minutes of looking in every



crevice possible twice, I have to admit that my laptop is not in my room. *But where else could it be?* I stubbornly think.

I then employ the strategy I use when I lose things called “mental time reversal,” which is when I try to remember when and where I last placed or saw the thing I lost. This strategy has had moderate success in the past, depending on how focused my mind is and how important the thing I lost is to me.

The slight brain fog from the drinks I had the night before increases my confusion. It is the morning after the last day of the exchange program. Everything was busier than usual yesterday, and I was even less attentive to my belongings. Nonetheless, I now manage to remember that I brought my laptop to class yesterday morning. After class, I left campus to enjoy one last day with friends, unknowingly also leaving my laptop behind.

The process of realizing that my laptop is missing is quite dramatic. When I realize that I left something in a place I wasn't supposed to, the feeling is almost transcendental; time slows down and everything seems to stop moving. I think in my head, *Oh, that's where I left it!*, and the reality of what I did comes rushing at my brain in full force.

My initial reaction is panic, but it quickly evolves into thinking about how I can retrieve the item and what the steps are

to do so: *I still have a few hours before I have to arrive at the airport, so I can bike to where the classroom building is on campus and ask someone there if I can quickly go back inside to retrieve my laptop.*

Quick problem-solving in urgent situations like this is a characteristic of mine that I like. However, it is also likely the result of a characteristic I don't like: forgetfulness.

With no time to waste, I exit the dorm and grab one of the public bikes available. Even in the early morning, Shanghai is hot, so I feel the sweat on my forehead when I arrive at the entrance. The classroom is in a building that is part of a small cluster behind a gate.

I ask the security guard at the gate if they could unlock the door to the building and let me inside to retrieve my laptop. Since I speak Chinese, I can ask the people there for help without much issue. Unfortunately, the security guard replies, “I'm not in charge of the buildings in this area, so I can't unlock them for you. But you can try to find someone who works in one to do so.”

I simultaneously sigh and scream in my mind.

Sweating both physically and figuratively, I walk around trying to find someone. I see some maintenance workers trimming trees and even ask the staff in the nearby cafeteria if they can open the building. But none of them can.

I stare at the three-storey building which contains my laptop inside. I couldn't believe the only thing separating me from it was a locked door. There must be some other entryway inside.

Wait. Buildings have windows. And this building has windows too. On the first floor which I can reach. And windows open to the outside. Can I open one and climb inside?

I am surprisingly creative when I'm hungover.

The lack of people around to help me turns into an advantage as nobody can see me climb onto the first-floor windowsill and slide open the unlocked window. I feel like a secret agent doing parkour, especially once I have to walk into the empty hallways and climb a flight of stairs to get to the classroom where my laptop was. I don't know if anybody saw me on the security cameras inside, but I feel confident at the moment seeing as nobody is around to stop me from doing something I'm not supposed to.

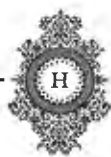
While I'm inside, I think about what I will do if my laptop isn't in there after I technically broke into a school building to find it. (Legally of course).

Honestly, I don't know what I would do in that outcome because I find my laptop where I think it is: inside a desk in the classroom. I walk back to the first floor, climb back on the windowsill—which is surprisingly higher from the ground than I thought it was—and jump down onto the ground outside unscathed, unharmed, with my laptop in hand, and with only a bit of dirt and dust on me from the windowsill. I exit the gate and bike back to my dorm.

On the way back, I think about how this incident has resulted in one of my most athletic and resourceful moments. I felt proud of my achievement. It's strange how a person's perception of traumatic events can be so delusional in the present. But I think that's what creates amazing stories that find humour and bravery in those past moments.

I would like to say that this story would be told in a much different tone if I did not find my laptop, but if that happened, you would likely not be reading about this incident nor know of its existence.

I'm glad windows exist and are occasionally left open sometimes. I probably shouldn't say that out loud to people.



Embalmed

Jai Mann
SHORT STORY

I woke up to the rotting stale air, laid still for a moment, then pushed myself out of bed and wandered down the narrow hall for a cold drink. My hollow steps seemed to echo. My eyes glanced around at the tan peeling wall-paper which seemed to tell me that I'd forgotten something, mocking me in its own way. When I reached the kitchen I grabbed a can out of the cooler, though my hands still tired from my restless sleep let it slip, letting the can smash into the ground, creating a mess on once clean floors. The clang made such a noise, that it caused an unease to grow in the room. I scanned the room to see if another had been bothered by it and I noticed a pair of short legs hanging off the side of the couch. When I went closer to inspect it, I saw the body of a small boy.

My eyes settled on my sleeping son. He was in the same spot I'd left him when I retreated to my sleep which was taken in vain. As I took a closer look, I saw my loud ruckus had yet to wake him from his slumber. Though as my shadow covered his leathered face, I could see his polished porcelain eyes had slit open just the smallest amount. His mouth opened ever so silently; I swear I heard him whisper "Dad" at me. I rushed to sit next to him to tend to his cry, placing my hand on his waxed hair, letting his eyes, too heavy to look around, know I was there.

"Why did you sleep out here?" I calmly laughed at his foolishness. I quietly waited for his response, but I could tell he had rolled his eyes at me; our banter and chatting the night before must have rendered him asleep in his place. Unlike most kids his age he lacked energy.

"Hey?" I whispered ever so slightly, feeling silly for my playful laugh. I gave his shoulder a good tug, but he seemed done with talking now. Maybe still upset about my careless laugh. I pondered what I could do to regain his loving trust. Like a call, a shiny story came to form in my head. A story to let him resettle into the night. I closed my eyes to remember how things once were.

"You were such an active boy, you know?" I reminded him, his eyes slyly tilted at me now.

"Well, have you ever heard this one? Once upon a time, there was a boy as active as you, more, if you will, and he was a prince." I could hear the excitement in my voice as I got started.

"This prince was a little different from other princes, for he never wanted to grow up. He wanted to stay small and young forever and ever. He had made sure that everyone knew, young and old, family and servant, friend and enemy. So naturally the boy was nicknamed Peter."

I chuckled at my cleverness.

"Well one night, when Peter was more down than usual, he climbed out of his tower window to search for a blue fairy. It is said that blue fairies can turn a pile of wood into a living human, so who's stopping them from making someone immortal in youth, he wondered?"

I took a loud breath.

"Peter searched high and low and as the night grew ever so endless, he tried hard to cling on to his fantasy. Just as all seemed lost, he found one. It was small, no bigger than a butterfly. Shiny bright blue it was. Peter, in desperate desire, lunged at the fly, clasping his hands tight together, ensuring no escape."

Something inside me grew heavy.

"As the boy's hand unclenched, there the dead blue butterfly retreated to permanent slumber."

I questioned if I should have continued the story to the young mind of my child, but in the end, I believed he was old enough for a silly story.

"You see, Peter was heartbroken when he saw this, but the night was no longer endless, and its older brother, day, had seemed to poke its head out, warning Peter to return home. For the King was a stern man, and you see, the prince, in his long adventure, never left the royal garden. The King knew this for he watched Peter high into the night from a window made of crimson-stained glass. Young Peter tried re-entering through the window, but the sheets he tied to lower himself down had fallen. He had no choice other than to use the front door."

I stroked my son's hair to comfort him.

"The King was fed a potion by the servants, you see. They were bitter and wanted to mock him. So, when Peter met his eyes and told the story of the Blue Fairy, the King had no patience to listen. In doubt, the King asked for proof, and then his son pulled out the crumpled butterfly. The King, enraged by the Prince's foolish tale, grabbed his sword to bring down on the Prince's head — but something odd happened. As the sword hit Peter, a beautiful mist of mystery blue engulfed the both of them. To the son it brought the gift of never growing older, and the King clarity for the crime he had tried to commit against his son. In tears for the first time since he himself was a Prince, the King embraced his son, now ever so happy for his new gift.

"For you see, sometimes we have to almost lose things to understand their importance" I mumbled to my young Prince.

Now in deep slumber like a sweet butterfly, his eyes had fallen closed during my story ramblings. I picked up his body which felt limp in my arms, as my son slept much like a log. I carried him to his desolate room on the other side of the house, while I got a sense of why he didn't bother to do it himself. The tattered dry paint tried to grab at my shirt as I watched the shadows on the wall dance with our every movement. The wall on this side of the house had been discoloured; it must be the walls emitting a rotten smell. My brain tried so hard to tell me I knew better. When I approached the door, I pushed it open with the tip of my foot as it let out its shrieking scream, begging to be saved from the rust. I jolted and turned to look at my son's face for signs of disturbances, but his expression stayed still as the muscles in his face still slept soundly.

Quietly, I placed him on the imprint now made in his bed, where he lied so often that the cotton once sky blue had now discoloured to a brownish white. The sheet wasn't the only thing to discolour. As I leaned into my son's face, I noticed that there was a dark blemish on his cheek. The blemish was made of rot. I turned and quickly searched the drawers. I finally found what I was looking for. Grabbing the chair at his dented desk, I made a spot for myself right next to his bed. Heavy of heart I sat for a second, then with a brush I applied another layer of wax over his face to preserve him ever more, as memories rushed to my head, memories I wished to delete more than I wished for my own sanity to return to me. As I finished, the glossy shine taunted me like the puddle that remained on once clean floors in the kitchen. I could hear my pathetic cries of sorrow as I pleaded for my mistakes to be erased. I hugged the corpse of my son, for I will do whatever it takes to protect him and keep him alive.

I rested my head on the side of his bed, as I had left him to his slumber countless nights before. I couldn't bring myself to leave tonight. A force too great to explain choked me, letting my eyes wander only to fall on a calendar. Through my blurred vision, I could see that the last date etched into the paper was today's date, though it was on the wrong day of the week. I looked at the top of the calendar to see it was six years old.

With that my wish was granted, as the salt-filled voice of my son broke the trance of the calendar, erasing it from our existence.

"Goodnight Dad, I forgive you."

The Mural Project

CALLING ALL INNIS STUDENTS! The Innis Residence Council is looking for mural designs from YOU! Submit a design, and leave your mark on Innis!

We're looking for designs from ALL Innisians, not just residents, so submit a design or check out the project if you're at all interested. Submissions are open until November 8th



xoxo,
the IRC ♥



SCAN TO LEARN MORE
OR VISIT

INNISIRC.COM/MURAL-PROJECT



The Black Cloche

Amelia Arrows

SHORT STORY

Under the black graduation gown, sweat slid down Emma's back as she glanced at her watch. 9:45 AM. She stood at the rear of the room, her back pressed against the wall as the growing crowds spilled into the foyer of Silver Falls High. The air was stuffy, full of laughter, cheers, and the occasional sobs of joy. Emma stood still, clutching her purse, balancing on her red heels. Her eyes fixed on the entrance of the main foyer expectantly. Floating over the crowds, she saw various hats—a couple of fedoras, feathered caps, and multiple graduation caps with gold tassels dangling beside her classmates' faces—but no Black Cloche.

At 10:00 AM, the intercom crackled to life, "Attention all graduates, please gather in the cafeteria."

"Any luck?" said a male voice. Startled, Emma whipped around to face Nate, one of her close friends.

"Not yet," she replied, with a twinge of hope that the Black Cloche would suddenly appear among the crowd. She could imagine seeing its sweeping design bobbing over everyone's head, the crowd parting like the Red Sea, revealing Cora Jean dressed in all black except for the bright rouge lip she always wore. But the ceremony was about to start, and Cora never had the best track record regarding her education.

"She's probably just running late," Nate suggested.

"Maybe," Emma shrugged, trying to shake it off. But even she couldn't be blind to the situation. Of course, Emma knew where her Cora was; she was the director of *La Rouge*, the most famous high-fashion company in North America. If she wasn't in the studio coming up with breathtaking designs, she was

organizing and participating in fashion shows across the world. Yet Emma knew that after high school, her life would begin. Today was only one day to mark this transition from child to adult, only one day to celebrate *her* for once.

...

Emma found Cora drinking her coffee and reading the latest *Vogue* magazine. She was dressed in black as usual, her blond hair swept back in a tight bun. Biting her lip, Emma handed the ticket to her.

"What is this?" Cora spoke, without looking away from the page.

"Graduation ticket," Emma replied proudly, leaning against the marbled island. Cora raised her reading glasses against the bridge of her pointed nose to peer at the ticket before looking back at the fashion designs.

"Ah yes, congratulations," she replied, flipping to another page. Without missing a beat, she added, "Who would you like to attend, Frank or Santi?"

Emma's heart sank.

"I thought you would go."

Cora looked up from the page she was reading, her brows furrowed.

"Date and time?"

"Next Friday at ten."

Cora clucked her tongue.

"Sorry dear, no can do. I have a prior engagement to attend," she said, standing up, grabbing her purse, and taking the last sip of the coffee. Dejected, Emma watched Cora leave the kitchen and approach the front door. The cold response was familiar; Emma was used to Cora's absence. It was consistent, a fact that was oddly reassuring in the

sense she never had to have her expectations crushed. But this time, something sparked inside Emma, and before she could think it out, she exclaimed:

"But I only graduate from high school once! Can't you make an exception?"

"I'm sorry," Cora replied, putting on her hat. Emma's eyes burned with tears.

"Fine, don't show up. Clearly, you don't care!"

Cora froze midway through putting on her Black Cloche. After a pause, she fitted the hat and spun around on her heels with a tight plastic smile.

"Santi will pick you up at nine, don't be late," she said, clasp her purse tightly before leaving.

...

After another five minutes, Emma and Nate entered the cafeteria and joined the lineup, slotting themselves in alphabetically. Yet as she stood in line, Emma's heart raced with anticipation of what awaited her in the next room. At once, the graduation march boomed out of the school's speaker system, and the line began to shuffle forward, with Emma spying for the iconic Black Cloche in the halls as she entered the gymnasium—only grad caps, fedoras, and feathered caps. White flashes popped before her as a grandparent tried to snap a picture of the boy standing beside her. She blinked away the tears and focused on the plastic chairs that awaited her ahead.

She fidgeted, her neck strained as she glanced at the door behind her, and in the corner of her eye, she spotted a familiar face—but it was Santi, one of Cora's lackeys, and on his arm was an unfamiliar woman. Santi locked eyes with her, and with a smile, he eagerly waved. But Emma was too dejected to wave back, for the Black Cloche was nowhere in sight. Biting her lip, Emma reverted her focus to the stage as the ceremony began with boring speeches. Eventually, graduates were called to the stage to receive their diplomas. Applause, whistles, and the occasional shout erupted from the crowd, mainly from the graduates themselves as they cheered on their classmates—except Emma. She sat quietly, staring into blank space, wondering what she had done wrong. Was she too strong? Or was she too soft and didn't pester her enough? What if she had told her about it months in advance? Would she have come then? Or maybe it was time to accept the truth that she will never—

A light tap on the shoulder broke Emma out of her thought spiral. She turned to face the girl sitting behind her who pointed at the empty row ahead of Emma. She looked up to see most of her row approaching the stage. She jumped and quickly darted down the aisle to join her classmates. One of the teachers

managing the students was her homeroom teacher, Miss Daniels, who gave her a quizzical look.

"Are you alright, Emma?"

"I'm fine," Emma replied, standing in line. The teacher approached her, began smoothing her gown, and flipped the tassel cap off her face.

"Well, no matter what you're facing, don't let it ruin your special day," she whispered. She stepped back to admire her work and smiled. "Now, get up there and smile. Be proud of yourself." Emma shuffled onto the stage and squinted against the bright lights. She squeezed her eyes before opening them with determination. She straightened her shoulders and smiled, reflecting on years of hard work.

At that moment, the announcer boomed into the microphone: "Emma Rose Jean, Art Certificate, High Distinction." Emma raised her chin and grinned as she approached the little black-taped X on the floor. After four years, she finally had her high school diploma. She shook the hands of her principal, grasping the little tied-up paper before turning to face the camera and—

Beside the cameraman was the small, slender woman who came in with Santi, but now something was eerily familiar about her. She wore a black dress, yet her blond hair was a mess. It looked as if the wind blew and yanked at it. Her face was not flawless, full of crease lines and pimple scars, and instead of the classic fair white makeup, there was a splash of colour in those cheeks as she smiled. Emma's eyes grew watery as the smile on her face began to crack. She finished taking the picture with her principal. As she walked off stage, she felt as if every step she took was on air. Her feet no longer dragged through the halls. Her heart began to race. She pinched her wrist, then her arm, then her cheeks. Yet every pinch hurt just as the rest. She walked over to the base of the stage stairs, where the lady greeted her with a bouquet.

"Congratulations, my dear girl," she said. The voice was the same, yet with no Black Cloche. She looked like someone else—who she used to be. Emma let out a shuddering breath as she stared at the lady.

"Mom?" Emma croaked.

"Come, Emma. We shouldn't block the exit," her mother replied, extending her hand.

Emma burst out laughing, "Right."

She followed her mother from the stage and turned right to exit the cafeteria, but her mother pulled her back.

"Do you have somewhere to be?" Emma flushed, her face visibly confused.

"No...?" Her mother smiled and pulled her close as they returned to where Santi sat.

"Good, neither do I."



Untitled

Giuliana Di Sanzo
POETRY

I remember that summer we spent by the creek
and the walks we used to take
right by the tracks of that lakeside train

I remember us sitting down near the ledge as we
watched the trains pass us by, overhead
we took our steps two by two,
as I climbed up the tracks right after you

I've noticed that the water's the same colour as
it was back then,
that summer when you and I were only ten

as the geese fly overhead I think of the dread,
knowing that I ruined something because
I spent too much time in my head

I remember the smell of burnt rubber
as the train passed us by
how we laid coins on the track
side by side

if I knew then what I know now
that things would end again and again
and that trains don't flatten coins
even on their heads

maybe I would have thought twice
before leaving us for dead



Cumulonimbus

Po Etri
POETRY

Weird and hairy cloud,
Erect in the sky tonight;
Zeus is getting some.

Force of Arms

A.W. Jenkins
POETRY

Fading sunlight creeps back through
the firs and pines behind us, yet
I still feel warm between your heavy arms.
For long as I can remember, no matter
how bitter the storm outside has been,
you have kept me safe.

But lately, brother,
I have heard the cries of foreign tongues among us.
Killer!
Evil!
Thief!
And when I turned to meet their gaze
to see who might have hurt so many

I felt your tight embrace grow ever tighter,
until I could no longer turn.
My muscles ache, brother,
and I can barely breathe.
The tight embrace that I had known as love
now holds my wrist in place
so I could never dream to drop the gun
and hold, instead, the spade.

Please, brother.
I can see some light behind us,
by the way it casts itself across the river
before the glades.
How little now that river glows.
I know that it is warm behind us, brother;
that I might walk alone without your heavy arms,
to fix what I have done, but yet forgotten.

Then why do I now lay beside you, still?
Why have you yet tightened your embrace?
That force of arms, which I once knew as love
now serpentine, wraps right around my neck
and the light
once
bright
is
fading



Works of an Incompletionist

Incompletist *POETRY*

In the Summer of ‘24, I was set upon by thoughts and feelings that beckoned to become words. Tales of anticipation, mundane tasks, aimless wandering, reflective ponderings; a collective of this-and-that, here-and-there, foul-and-fair — maybe one or two that may become something more. Every time I felt loosely inspired and uninspired, I hurriedly tapped away in my notes app. Few of these stray mind dumps have grown into much more, but maybe what they are is enough for now. Below are several “unfinished” works felled by the hand of procrastination, happenstance, and the nature of time passing:



The first day of Fall:

gravity is stronger in the Fall
maybe that is why the leaves seek the ground
and all the ground is nought to be found
every morning is a step from the last
every rise from Death’s gentler cousin past??
[...cont.]

Sunrise Ceremonies:

locate cereal
Retrieve bowl
place on table
obtain milk from refrigerator
which comes first??
[...cont.]

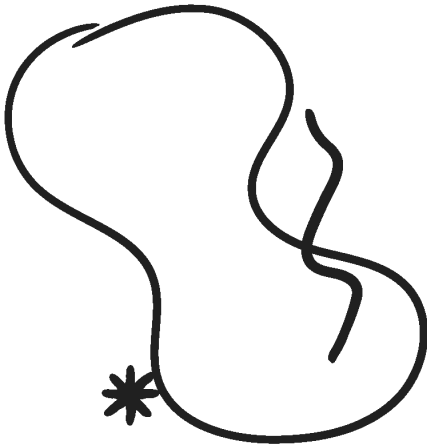


Searching for Meaning:

as I pour milk into the bowl
rice krispies show me the knowledge necessary to save humanity from itself
grains arrange themselves, forming the answer to life, the universe, and everything
my mind is too sluggish to compute
It is there for a mere moment
But I am hungry??
[...cont.]

Lethargic Recovery:

then again, there is more to ask.
how long?
how long will I wallow?
how long will I weep?
for time waits for none.
this hill I will die on is steep...
[...cont?]



Accepting Defeat:

when one is let down and one falls on one’s face
we have knees such that we may fall with grace.
cast aside this question of “if”, then
swallow your pride and accept it is when
for you will most certainly fail,
[set sail/get bail/you’ve got mail]??
[...cont.]



Hate the Living, Love the Dead
Television



People Are Strange
The Doors



Gimme Danger
The Stooges



If I Had a Tail
Queens of the Stone Age



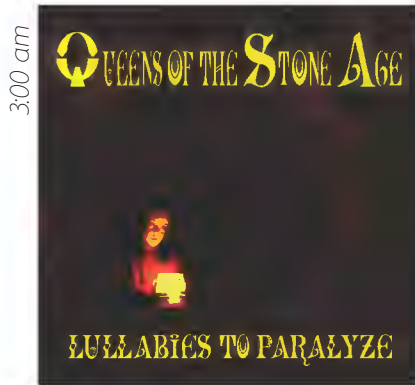
Hate the Living, Love the Dead
Misfits



Reptile
The Church



Sour Times
Portishead



This Lullaby
Queens of the Stone Age

Music for a Halloween Night

Zachary Zanatta

PLAYLIST

Halloween is a holiday that won't sit still. At once a day for parties, the occult, childhood whimsy, and horror, Halloween is a bubbling cauldron of all things macabre. Though Halloween day crackles with a giddy malevolent energy, it doesn't truly begin until sun-down. Halloween night is the product of everything that goes bump in the night coalescing at once. Sinister, playful and mysterious, it's impossible to classify what exactly Halloween night entails. Each hour brings a new metamorphosis to the night as it continuously changes shape with the tolling of the bell. Here is the story of 8 hours of an ever-changing Halloween night told through song.

8:00 pm

The sun dips behind the horizon and a cool air blankets the suburbs; Halloween night has finally started. Unlike most other nights, as darkness settles, the world bustles to life. Television's *Marquee Moon* captures this electric twilight with a gothic tale told in a groovy post-punk setting. The night is dark, but something is stirring beneath the inky black. Whether that mystery is good or bad waits to be revealed, but it buzzes with excitement. Television's cryptic lyrics unfold like a prophecy for the night, foretelling macabre tales to come. The song's fuzzy guitars duel like warring radio signals as the song crackles to an end. Its images are foretold with darkness and lightning, but until then, we stand beneath the imposing moon, "just waiting."

9:00 pm

In the thick of the night, the suburban streets are lined with strangers. Ghosts and zombies go door to door alongside cowboys and storm troopers. Trick-or-treating has but one rule: be whoever you want to be, just don't be yourself. *People Are Strange* by The Doors is a happy but sinister tune that takes a warped look at the world around us. The world of the song is all but normal, transforming friends and family into mysterious strangers with vague intentions. Trick-or-treating may be populated with enigmatic figures, but just like the song, there's a crooked allure to all of it that feels fun. You may be wearing a mask, but you're not hiding behind it.

10:00 pm

The kids have gone to sleep. The windows have been shuttered; the doors locked. But the night is far from over. In fact, the night has just begun. The late night opens a new realm of possibilities, one where the corny phoniness of Halloween melts away to a pitch black and morally ambiguous interior. Halloween is a call for action, a night for cryptic, malevolent debauchery. *Gimme Danger* by The Stooges is an invitation to the night. It's a sinister rock song dripping with blood and sweat. The jaunty fun of the early evening is gone, replaced with skulking immorality. Iggy Pop wails a bloodcurdling crave for danger, sung with a crooked grin that may not be inviting, but it sure is enticing. *Gimme Danger* is villainy bubbling just under the surface, ready to break at any given moment.



11:00 pm

The adults hit the street. There are no Halloween parades or parents out with their kids. Costumes don't look like who you want to be; they reflect who you really are inside. The repressed tendencies you hide all year finally come to surface, shunned in the day but welcomed after dark. *If I Had a Tail* by Queens of the Stone Age is the song of the night. It's the sound of bad tendencies liberated and running amok. Josh Homme's sludgy growl makes his promise to "own the night" feel less like a possibility and more like a reality. The "tail" in question may be just a costume, but amid the filth and sin of the dimly lit streets on Halloween night, it may as well be real.

12:00 am

The clock strikes 12, and evil comes to life. Michael Myers returns to Haddonfield; zombies descend upon an abandoned shopping mall; Dr. Frankenstein brings his creation to life. Across the city, silver screens light up for the classic midnight screening. *Hate the Living, Love the Dead* is pure genre reverence by the defining horror-punk band, Misfits, and it's the ultimate anthem for the midnight screening. No Halloween would be complete without a celebration of all things horror and that's exactly what Misfits do. A send up of B-Movies, slashers, cult films, and monster movies, *Hate the Living, Love the Dead* is the sound of every rambunctious midnight crowd on Halloween night.

1:00 am

Late at night the streets have become unrecognizable. It's hard to believe this was the same place partiers and trick or treaters were hanging out just a few hours ago. The streetlights are starting to flicker and it's hard to tell who's human and who's not. *Reptile* by The Church

is a paranoid warning to look closely at those around you. The vivid description of someone more reptilian than human mirrors the anxious atmosphere during the wee hours of Halloween. The new wave instrumentation feels hollow, each sound emerging from right behind you. You can't see what's behind the mask this late at night, but man or monster, you're not too keen to find out.

2:00 am

By this time, you're ready to pack it in, but that doesn't mean the night is over. The walk home is long and scary, and you can't let your guard down until you're safely tucked in bed. *Sour Times* by Portishead is an eerie and dreadful song to score the way home. It's a song that creeps through shadows and shrinks away from the light, rattling echoes sounding off in all the places you can't see. *Sour Times* is the sound of dragging feet and droopy eyelids imbued with a frenetic spark for survival. It's hard to tell what's hiding in the dark this late at night, but it's best to keep your head up and eyes forward.

3:00 am

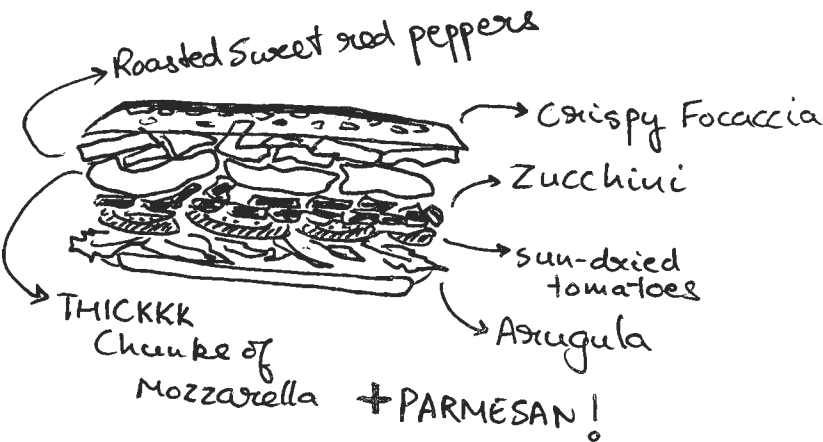
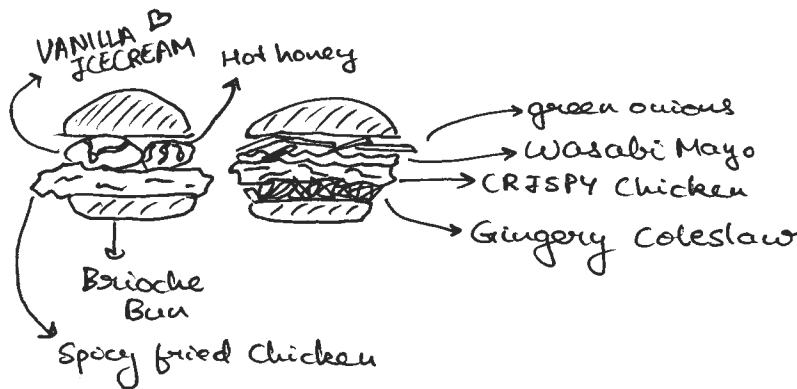
The stragglers have all gone home, the jack-o-lanterns are all blown out, and the monsters have slithered back into the night. Halloween night is over. *This Lullaby* by Queens of the Stone Age is the sound of Halloween laying to rest. The dynamic atmosphere has stopped its shapeshifting, and it now lays down for a quiet, ominous folk song. Mark Lanegan's haunting vocals aren't a victory lap. You didn't survive the night; the night only let you make it to the end so you can come back next year. The lone guitar may fade into silence, but only until the next October 31st, when—rest assured—that silence will be broken once again.



Six sensational sandwiches in the 6ix

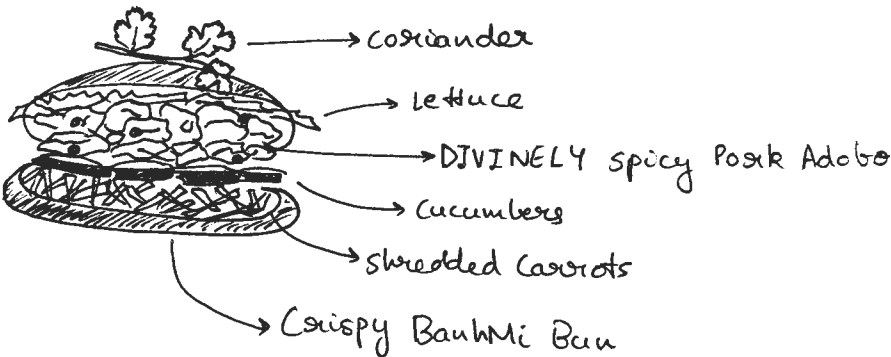
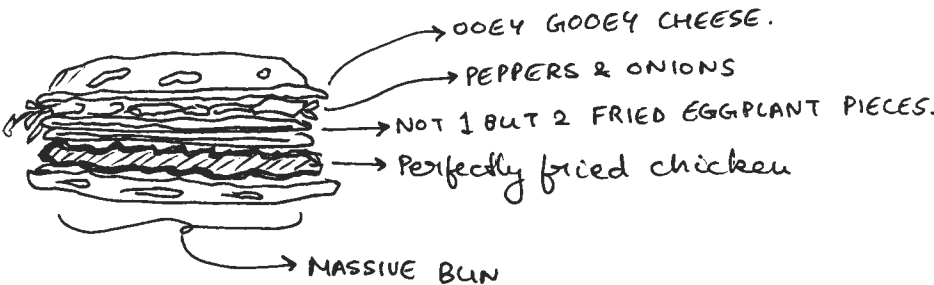
Yash Kumar Singhal
REVIEW

Tokyo Sandwich AND the Nashville Ice
Tokyo Hot Fried Chicken
656 College St



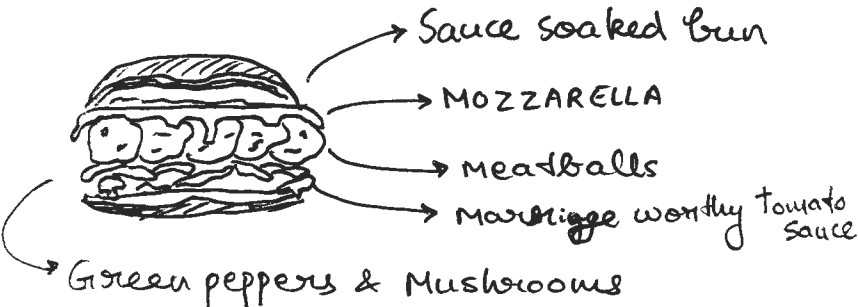
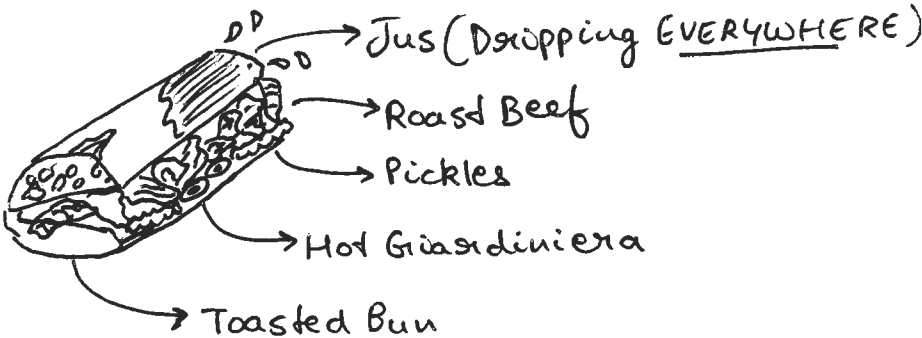
Il Gardino
L'Espresso Bar Mercurio
321 Bloor Street W

Chicken Eggplant (or just the Eggplant Parm!)
Carousel Bakery
St. Lawrence Market



Adobo Banh Mi (Pork)
Rustle & Still Cafe
605 Bloor St W

Italian Beef (w/ Hot Giardniera)
Marq's Chicago Beef
707 Dundas St W

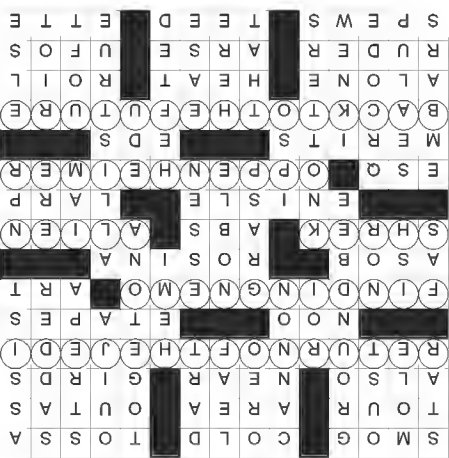


Cheesy Meatball (w/ Mushroom, Onions, Green Peppers)
King Slice
1130 Queen St W



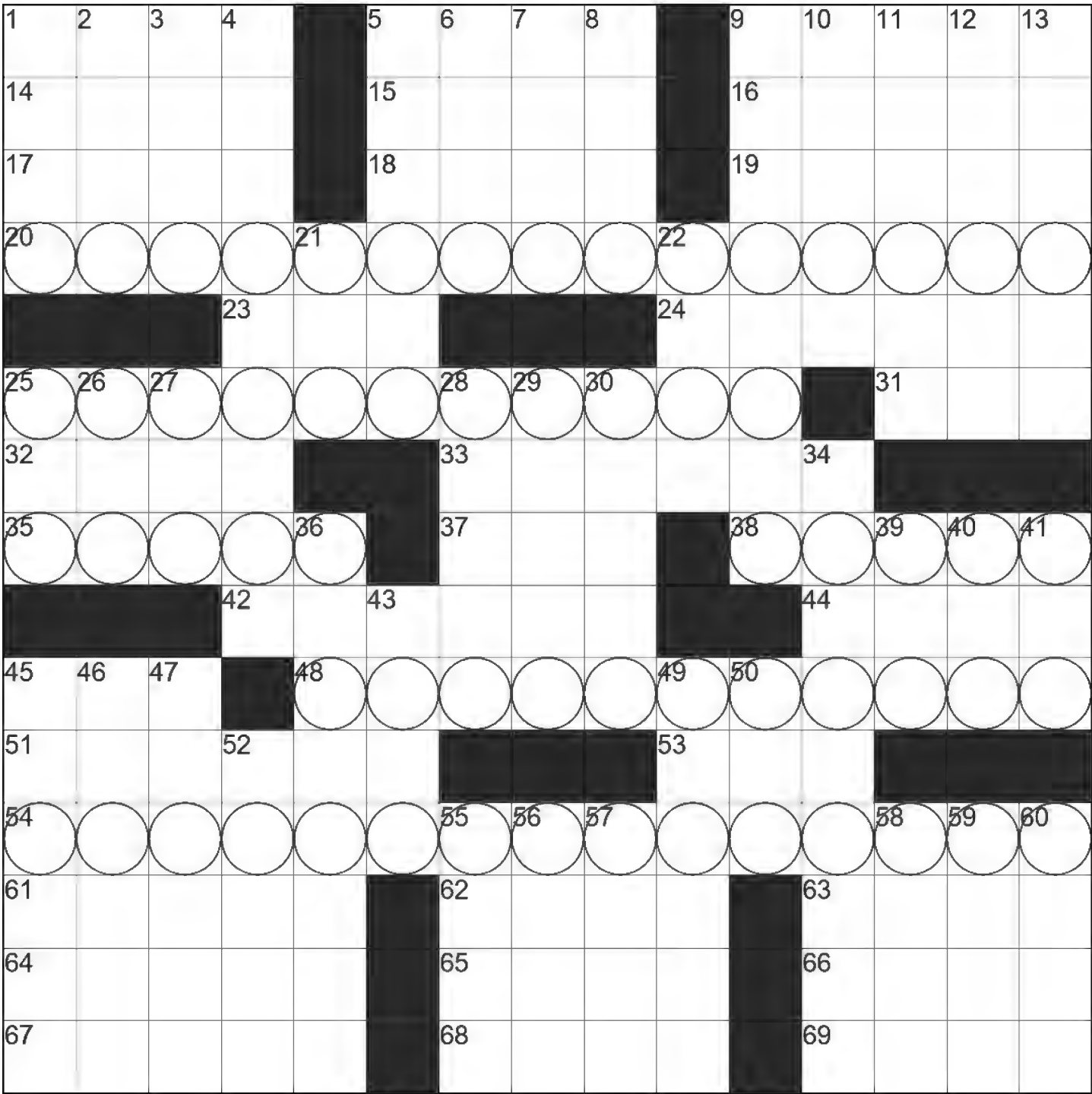
DOWN

- 1 Sirius is one
- 2 Informant
- 3 Drive out
- 4 Solitary insect that burrows in the earth, unlike its hive-making cousins
- 5 Old artillery
- 6 Black and white cookie
- 7 Tree part
- 8 Bar projectile
- 9 Q: "Why did the chicken cross Union station?" A: "___ train"
- 10 Spiritual board
- 11 Bacterium group that causes throat infections (abbr.)
- 12 More blue
- 13 Help
- 21 French king
- 22 "Half" prefix
- 25 Notes after mi
- 26 "Kinda" suffix
- 27 Neither's partner
- 28 Comprehend
- 29 Aristocratic
- 30 Eat in Berlin
- 34 Original title of "Henry VIII" which signifies universal honesty
- 36 Ones who tangle
- 39 "I think" conclusion
- 40 Before, poetically
- 41 Red, black, and blue American broadcaster
- 43 "___ facto", by that very fact
- 45 Traps, as if with a cage
- 46 Close completely
- 47 Squares that lead to the internet
- 49 Hoisted
- 50 University domain
- 52 Taylor Swift's "___ you were trouble"
- 55 This's counterpart
- 56 There's counterpart
- 57 Effortlessness
- 58 Sch. formerly known as "King's College"
- 59 Disturbance of the peace
- 60 If's counterpart



Guess the movie from the quote!

by Rick Lu



ACROSS

- 1 Air pollution
 - 5 Something that doesn't bother Elsa
 - 9 "___ coin to your witcher"
 - 14 Type of guide
 - 15 2D quantity
 - 16 Come ___ gay
 - 17 Moreover
 - 18 Close
 - 19 Encircles a torso
 - 20 "Yes, your thoughts betray you. Your feelings for them are strong. Especially for... sister. So, you have a twin sister."
 - 23 "Yess" opposite
 - 24 Parisian steps
 - 25 "With fronds like these, who needs anemones?"
 - 31 Product of creativity
- 32 Tell ___ story
 - 33 "The Barber of Seville" soprano role
 - 35 "But this isn't right! You're meant to charge in, sword drawn, banners flying! That's what all the other knights did!"
 - 37 Belly muscles
 - 38 "You still don't understand what you're dealing with, do you? The perfect organism. Its structural perfection is matched only by its hostility."
 - 42 Isolate, as if on an island
 - 44 Play pretend (abbr.)
 - 45 Lawyer title (abbr.)
 - 48 "Did you think that if you let them tar and feather you that the world would forgive you? It won't."
 - 51 Deserves
- 53 Newspaper identifiers after Vols
 - 54 "From a group of Libyan nationalists. They wanted me to build them a bomb, so I took their plutonium and, in turn, gave them a shoddy bomb casing full of used pinball machine parts."
 - 61 Without company
 - 62 Make hot
 - 63 Agitate
 - 64 More unpleasant
 - 65 British behind
 - 66 Mysterious things in the sky
 - 67 Expels
 - 68 Prepared to golf
 - 69 Feminine suffix



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